

e l e m e **N** t a r **Y**

by

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CBS TV STUDIOS

TEASER

FADE IN:

ON TWO GLASSES OF WATER

...as they FALL in SLOW MOTION. It's weirdly beautiful; the liquid SHIMMERING and UNDULATING as it crests the lip of each glass. But as the glasses sink slowly OUT OF FRAME, we go to...

...a LOW ANGLE -- as they SHATTER against the floor, jarring us out of slow-mo and into REAL TIME. And as a BOOTED FOOT slams INTO FRAME, crunching a glass beneath its heel, REVEAL we're...

INT. GRAMERCY PARK HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A beautiful REDHEADED WOMAN (30s) struggles near the sink against an ATTACKER whose face we cannot see. He's grabbed her from behind, one GLOVED HAND clamped down over her mouth -- but despite his size advantage, she WRITHES against him, lifting her feet off the ground and PLANTING them against the counter. She PUSHES BACKWARDS and the attacker STUMBLES, SLIPPING in the water and broken glass on the floor. As he lands on his back with a THUD, he loses his grip on her and she BREAKS FREE -- but not before she GASHES HER WRIST on a piece of glass.

INT. GRAMERCY PARK HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The terrified woman, the wound on her wrist OOZING BLOOD, rounds a corner in this UPSCALE HOME. We SEE expensive ART on the walls, FRESH CUT FLOWERS in VASES. And as she clambers UP THE STAIRS and OUT OF FRAME, and we SEE the SHADOW of her attacker against the wall, his HAND landing on the rail...

INT. GRAMERCY PARK HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The redheaded woman BURSTS through the door -- but no sooner has she crossed the threshold of the room than a GLOVED HAND catches her by the ankle and she goes down in a HEAP. She KICKS at her attacker, catching him under the jaw and loosening his grip again, then SCRAMBLES on hands and knees towards...

...the NIGHTSTAND beside her bed. It couldn't be more mundane a piece of furniture, but the woman REACHES for it like it's her salvation. We wonder: *Is there a weapon inside?* But just as she GRABS FOR it... her attacker PULLS HARD on one of her ankles and her knees go out from under her. And ON her outstretched hand, still STRAINING to reach the nightstand, we PRELAP a terrible BUZZING SOUND, and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A DIGITAL ALARM CLOCK

...as it BLARES, its display telling us it's 7:00 AM. A woman's hand comes INTO FRAME and SWATS it off. REVEAL we're --

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

JOAN WATSON, 29, rolls back onto her stomach in her bed, not quite ready to wake yet. But then a SECOND ALARM CLOCK begins to blare on the other side of the room. Joan, sleepy-eyed, finally SITS UP. And as she moves to turn off what we realize is her "backup" alarm, we PRELAP the opening strains of The Naked and Famous' "Punching in a Dream," and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. N.Y.C. - MORNING

LOW ANGLE -- as TWO SNEAKERED FEET pound the concrete of this Gotham SIDEWALK. FIND JOAN, ear-buds IN, pushing herself HARD as she jogs.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Joan, SPLASHING through a puddle as a SHOPKEEP hoses down the sidewalk in front of his Midtown bodega... Joan, accelerating past OTHER JOGGERS as she rounds the Jackie O reservoir in CENTRAL PARK... Joan, CHURNING down this lush section of the HUDSON RIVER GREENWAY, her stride as strong and deliberate as the current of the river itself...

...and finally: Joan, stopped by a "DETOUR" sign on a HARLEM SIDEWALK under construction. Jogging in place, she checks her watch, tries to figure out if she should turn back or carry on. Then, as she seems to settle on a plan and makes a sharp left OUT OF FRAME...

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON A WEATHERED SIGN that reads "CARVER CEMETERY." PULL BACK to find a solemn Joan standing just beyond the FENCE that lines this small, urban graveyard, her eyes LOCKED on a headstone that bears the name "**Charles Azzarello.**" The name obviously means something to Joan, who YANKS OUT her ear-buds, bringing the music to an abrupt HALT. And as she finally TURNS and GOES...

CUT TO:

EXT. JOAN'S BUILDING - MORNING

Joan returns from her jog to find TY MORSTAN sitting on her stoop. Ty is 29, an old friend of Joan's, and -- as we'll learn in time -- a rising star in the New York District Attorney's Office. And as he holds up his watch...

TY

8:47. You're usually back from your jog by 8:30. You start late today or did you run too far?

CONTINUED:

JOAN
 (all she'll say)
 Took a little detour.
 (then)
 What're you doing here? Aren't you
 supposed to be at the D.A.'s,
 throwing books at bad guys?

TY
 Your folks called, said they were
 having a tough time getting a hold
 of you. And since I'm not due in
 court until 10 today, I told them
 I'd make sure you were okay.

JOAN
 And you're doing it in person
 because...

TY
 (shrugs)
 I was in the neighborhood. Thought
 I'd stop by.

JOAN
 I'm fine.

And as she steps PAST HIM, stabs her key into her lock --

TY
 Work's good?

JOAN
 (yeah...)
 I'm starting with a new client
 today. Picking him up from Hemdale
 in 20 minutes. So if you'll excuse
 me --

TY
 Alcoholic, addict, or both?

JOAN
 (what's it to you?)
 Addict.

TY
 You safe with him?

Joan's annoyed, but forces a smile as she turns back to him.
 And as Ty gives a small smile of his own --

TY (CONT'D)
 "Mistakes aren't tragedies, but
 please, Higher Power, help me learn
 from them."

CONTINUED: (2)

TY (CONT'D)

(when Joan LOOKS at him)

N.A. prayer. But I bet you already knew that.

She did.

JOAN

You and my parents. You think what I do is penance, but it's not. I *like* my job, okay? I'm good at it. And regardless of what you or they want to believe, I've got everything under control.

But no sooner has she pulled open the door to her building than her cell phone RINGS, its display identifying the caller as "Hemdale Rehabilitation Facility." And as she ANSWERS:

JOAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

(listens; and then)

Yeah, I'm coming to get him in --

(listens; and then)

I'm sorry... did you say he *escaped*?

ON JOAN, we PRELAP the "BEEP" of an answering machine, and we --

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET / BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - DAY

Joan, dressed for the day now, PHONE to her ear, slams her car door SHUT as she approaches a particular BROWNSTONE and leaves a message:

JOAN

Hi, it's Joan Watson. On the off chance you haven't already been contacted by Hemdale... your brother left rehab a little early this morning. I'm already at his house to see if he's here --

She STOPS SHORT at the sight of a WOMAN'S BARE BACK through one of the brownstone's first floor windows. And as we SEE that nearly every square inch of the woman's flesh is TATTOOED, and the woman pulls on a SHIRT...

RESUME JOAN -- *"This can't be good."*

JOAN (CONT'D)

I'll call you if there's a problem.

NEW ANGLE -- as Joan hangs up and makes her way up the front stairs. The tattooed woman is just EXITING.

CONTINUED:

She's undeniably beautiful, but she's also a jigsaw of tattoos and piercings. And as we note the SHEEN OF PERSPIRATION on her face and arms...

JOAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I'm trying to find Mr. --

But the woman SAYS NOTHING; just moves past her. STAY WITH a concerned Joan as she finally continues into --

INT. BROWNSTONE - 1ST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

-- and once again, she PULLS UP SHORT.

REVERSE ANGLE: The Batcave. Q's laboratory. The house from the original "Texas Chainsaw Massacre." The brownstone is somehow all of these places and none of them; as complicated and colorful as the man who calls it home. Joan takes in a living room that is more crime lab than living space. One wall is adorned with thousands of different padlocks hanging from narrow bars. Another is papered with a "decoupage" of MUG SHOTS and WANTED POSTERS. Joan's eyes drift to a closet door that has been dotted with what appear to be BULLET HOLES. And as she HEARS a CACOPHONY OF VOICES coming from upstairs...

INT. BROWNSTONE - 2ND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Joan stops at the threshold of a vast "media room," very obviously the source of the LOUD and OVERLAPPING VOICES.

REVERSE ANGLE finds a SHIRTLESS MAN (his back to Joan) sitting in front of a BANK of flat-screen TVs and watching nine different programs at the same time.

RESUME JOAN as she clears her throat, speaks loudly to be heard over the DIN of the televisions:

JOAN

Mr. Holmes -- ?

But the shirtless man just SHUSHES her. A long and strange moment as Joan just stands there... and then he suddenly PAUSES all nine monitors and TURNS to face her, deadly serious:

SHIRTLESS MAN

Pick one.

JOAN

I'm sorry -- ?

SHIRTLESS MAN

A monitor. Quickly.

A beat, and then a wary Joan indicates a monitor that appears to have been paused in the middle of an INFOMERCIAL.

CONTINUED:

The man closes his eyes... and when he OPENS them again, it's like he's a completely different person; Billy Mays by way of P.T. Barnum.

SHIRTLESS MAN (CONT'D)

Do you like cured meats? Do you hate preservatives and outrageous deli prices? Well now, with the KenCo Cure-All, you can cure your own meats in the comfort of your own kitchen! Brine and dine! So easy, even a child could do it!

He turns back to the bank of monitors and uses a REMOTE to "unfreeze" the one that Joan chose. REWINDS and hits "play," and we HEAR a NARRATOR'S VOICE over IMAGES of the "Cure-All."

NARRATOR

Do you like cured meats? Do you hate preservatives and outrageous deli prices? Well now, with the KenCo Cure-All, you can cure your own meats in the comfort of your own kitchen! Brine and dine! So easy, even a kid could do it!

SHIRTLESS MAN

Damn. Kid, not child.

And as he FREEZES the monitor again and begins to PACE, clearly angry with himself, and we realize that, prior to Joan's arrival, he was memorizing every program on every monitor...

JOAN

Mr. Holmes, my name is Joan Watson and I've been hired by your brother to be your Personal Recovery Assistant, or *sober companion*.

(then; getting NOTHING)

He told me he was going to e-mail you about me...?

But the man SAYS NOTHING, just continues to pace. Joan, uneasy but trying to hide it, tries again:

JOAN (CONT'D)

My job, Mr. Holmes, is to make the transition from your rehab experience to the "routine" of your daily life as smooth as possible. I'll be living here for the next six weeks, which means I'll be available to you 24/7. I'll go where you go. Your schedule will be my schedule.

CONTINUED: (2)

JOAN (CONT'D)

And as I meet the people in your life, I'll try to help you separate the good apples from the bad --

SHIRTLESS MAN

(suddenly)

Do you believe in love at first sight?

Joan just STARES at him. *Excuse me?*

SHIRTLESS MAN (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking. The world is a cynical place and I must be a cynical man, thinking a woman like you would fall for a line like that. Thing is... it isn't a line.

(then; inching closer)

Oscar Wilde once said that men as a rule love with their eyes; women, with their ears. So please... hear me when I say this: I have never loved anyone as I do you, right now, in this moment.

Joan, DUMBSTRUCK, drops her purse, and some of its contents -- *including a distinctive orange PARKING TICKET* -- spill onto the floor. The man just STARES into her eyes. Looks for a moment like he might kiss her... but at the last second, he SPINS back to his bank of monitors and plays the last thirty seconds of a SOAP OPERA that was recorded on one of the TVs. And as an ACTOR delivers the same "love at first sight" speech that he just delivered to Joan, and we REALIZE that he was merely testing his memory again... he suddenly CLAPS HIS HANDS:

SHIRTLESS MAN (CONT'D)

Spot on.

(then; TURNING to Joan;
offering his hand)

Sherlock Holmes. Please don't get comfortable; we won't be here long.

He EXITS, and Joan follows him into --

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The only "furniture" in this room is a WHEELED LADDER to reach high shelves and a large MATTRESS on the floor. And as Sherlock searches through a laundry basket for a clean shirt...

JOAN

Mr. Holmes... did your brother tell you about me or not?

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK

He e-mailed, said to expect some sort of "addict-sitter"...

JOAN

Then he explained his conditions with respect to your sobriety...

SHERLOCK

If you mean his threat to evict me from this, the shoddiest and least valuable of the five, count them, five properties he owns in Manhattan, then yes, he made his "conditions" quite clear. I use, I wind up on the street. I refuse your quote-unquote help, I wind up on the street.

(then; out of nowhere)

It was my understanding most sober companions are recovering addicts themselves, but you've never had a problem with drugs or alcohol.

Joan's caught off guard by this, but quickly realizes --

JOAN

Your brother told you.

SHERLOCK

Of course he didn't.

JOAN

(right...)

Care to explain why you broke out of your rehab facility the same day you were being released?

SHERLOCK

Bored.

JOAN

You were bored?

SHERLOCK

No, I *am* bored. Right now. Happens often; you'll get used to it.

(then)

Regarding our mutual friends at Hemdale -- I'd say they should be thanking me for exposing the flaws in their rubbish security system, wouldn't you?

(then; as he finally finds a SHIRT)

Excellent.

CONTINUED: (2)

JOAN

There was a woman leaving just as I got here. Who was she?

SHERLOCK

Acquaintance.

JOAN

Did she get you high?

SHERLOCK

About six feet.

Joan follows his gaze to the nearby LADDER. And as she notices two sets of HANDCUFFS dangling from a particular rung, and she REALIZES he's referring to a sex act, not a drug binge...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Full disclosure? I actually find sex repellent -- all those fluids and odd sounds -- but my body and brain require it to function at optimal levels. And so I... "feed" them as needed.

(then)

You're a doctor, you understand.

ON JOAN -- finally, utterly TAKEN ABACK.

JOAN

I'm not a doctor --

SHERLOCK

But you were. Surgeon, judging by your hands.

Joan, confused, looks to her hands, but Sherlock continues:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Is your car parked nearby?

JOAN

How did you know I have a --

SHERLOCK

Car? Parking ticket. Fell out of your purse when you dropped it. Can't have one without the other, can you?

(then; before she can respond)

We need to get going. We're late.

And when he MOVES PAST HER and OUT THE DOOR --

INT. BROWNSTONE - 1ST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

-- she TRAILS him down the stairs.

JOAN
Late for what?

SHERLOCK
Uch. Look at this place. Cannot
wait for you to tidy it.

JOAN
I'm not a maid, Mr. Holmes, I'm a
companion. I don't cook, I don't
clean --

SHERLOCK
(Adam Ant's "Goody Two
Shoes")
-- what do you do?

JOAN
I help you stay sober --

SHERLOCK
And you do so by accompanying me
wherever I choose to go, correct?

JOAN
That's right --

SHERLOCK
In that case...

He OPENS the door for her to exit, but she CLOSES it.

JOAN
We need to talk.

SHERLOCK
About...?

JOAN
You, for starters. Your addiction
experience. Your rehab experience.
What you got out of it. What you
hope to get out of our
companionship.

SHERLOCK
But that could take minutes!

Sounds like a joke, but it isn't. And as he checks his watch:

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Fine. I'll talk. You'll drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

And as we SAIL over the bridge's familiar spires, the speed of the cars below telling us that rush hour has passed...

SHERLOCK (O.C.)
Prior to my stint in "junkie jail,"
I worked as a consultant at
Scotland Yard.

INT. JOAN'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Joan drives; Sherlock fiddles with her RADIO PRESETS from the passenger seat. And as he lands on a station in the middle of England Dan & John Ford Coley's "I'd Really Love to See You Tonight" --

SHERLOCK
Seriously?

JOAN
(turning the radio OFF)
Your brother told me about Scotland
Yard. You were a detective.

SHERLOCK
I was a consultant. I wasn't paid
for my services and therefore
answered to no one but myself.

JOAN
(not surprised)
He also mentioned you had issues
with authority.

SHERLOCK
My "issues" are with bureaucracy,
Ms. Watson, not authority. The
former is the enemy of a good
investigator, a giant mechanism
operated by pygmies, and is to be
avoided at all costs. Police
departments, despite their best
intentions, are bureaucracies to
the power of ten.
(then)
Turn left here.

As Joan complies, her cell phone begins to RING. We SEE an image of her smiling PARENTS on the display, accompanied by the identifier, "**MOM & DAD.**"

CONTINUED:

ON SHERLOCK noting the image. And as Joan hits "ignore" --

JOAN
What about London?

SHERLOCK
What about it?

JOAN
He told me that's where you
bottomed out. He thinks something
terrible happened to you there, he
just doesn't know what.

(then; when he LOOKS AWAY)
Hemdale sent me your records last
night. I know you didn't talk to
them about it either, but --

SHERLOCK
Handsome woman, your mother. Very
big of her to take your father back
after the affair.

That just HANGS THERE a moment. Joan's eyes stay GLUED to the
road. We aren't sure if he's right about her parents until:

JOAN
How could you *possibly* --

SHERLOCK
Next right, please.

JOAN
You know you still haven't told me
where we're going.

SHERLOCK
About that. I think you and big
brother will be pleased to hear
I've devised a post-rehab regimen
for myself that will keep me quite
busy. Pull over here.

Joan brings the car to a halt. And she SEES they've stopped in
front of a home that is BEDECKED in YELLOW CRIME SCENE TAPE and
SWARMING with POLICE PERSONNEL... Sherlock turns to her.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I've decided to resume my work as a
consultant here in New York.

And ON JOAN, as he EXITS from the car, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAMERCY PARK HOME - DAY

Moments later. Joan trails Sherlock as he approaches a small clutch of PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES and UNIFORMED POLICEMEN huddled in front of this multi-million dollar residence.

SHERLOCK

Tell me. How do clients typically introduce you?

JOAN

What do you mean?

SHERLOCK

I mean I find it hard to believe they'd actually *tell* people they'd been assigned a glorified "helper-monkey" in the wake of their rehabilitation.

JOAN

(to herself)

"Helper monkey." That's a new one.

(to Sherlock)

You and I have what's known as "companion/client confidentiality," Mr. Holmes. That means you can introduce me to people however you'd like -- friend, relative, co-worker -- and I'll play along. But the truth is, most clients just call me their companion.

Sherlock mulls that. *Interesting.* Then CALLS OUT --

SHERLOCK

Captain Gregson?

New ANGLE -- as CAPTAIN TOBIAS "TOBY" GREGSON turns his head. Gregson is early 50s, a cop's cop, manicured but Naugahyde-tough. And as he peels away from the other cops --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Ms. Watson, meet Captain Gregson.
Captain Gregson, meet Ms. Watson,
my... *personal valet.*

Joan clearly doesn't love that handle, but forces a smile.

GREGSON

(to Sherlock)

She waits out here.

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK

I'm afraid she's quite crucial to my process, Captain.

JOAN

It's okay. Really.

SHERLOCK

Actually, it isn't. At least not according to my brother's e-mail.

(then; off her confusion)

He explained it's the job of a proper "valet" to accompany his or her charge to his place of business. Well, consider this my place of business. Consider the coroner's office my place of business. Consider every wretched hive of depravity and murder in this city my place of business.

(then)

Unless, of course, you don't think you have the stomach for the work I do. In which case you should probably tell my brother that a man like me shouldn't have a "valet."

ON JOAN -- getting it now. Not the least bit intimidated.

JOAN

I'm good.

GREGSON

(to Sherlock)

You know I'm going out on a limb just letting you into this scene, don't you?

SHERLOCK

If by "going out on a limb" you mean "virtually guaranteeing a successful outcome," then yes.

A beat, and then Gregson relents, TURNS to lead them into the house. Holmes, pleased with himself, pulls on a pair of LATEX GLOVES as he and Joan follow into --

INT. GRAMERCY PARK HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

And no sooner have Gregson, Holmes, and Watson STEPPED INSIDE than we REALIZE: We've seen this home before. *It's the same upscale residence the Redheaded Woman was in when we saw her fighting for her life in the Teaser.* Same expensive art on the walls, same fresh cut flowers in vases.

CONTINUED:

GREGSON

Dr. Nicholas Mantlo arrived home a few hours ago to find his door kicked in and his wife missing. That's him over there.

And as Sherlock and Joan follow his gaze to a MAN (early 40s, bespectacled, distraught) being interviewed (MOS) by a PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE in the LIVING ROOM...

GREGSON (CONT'D)

He's a headshrinker out of Bellevue. Caught an emergency last night, didn't get back until 5 AM. Saw the front door and called 911. First responders found signs of a struggle in the kitchen and master bedroom, but no Ms. Dampier.

SHERLOCK

Ransom demand?

Gregson shakes his head, "no." Holmes MULLS that a beat, then turns his attention to the splintered FRONT DOOR and the BOOT PRINT near its handle. He pulls out his CELL PHONE and snaps a picture. Then, when he notices a troubled Joan FIXATING on a SPOT OF BLOOD on the floor near the stairs --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Odd, a former surgeon thrown by a little blood.

JOAN

It's arterial. You can tell from the color. Wherever the kidnapper took her, you better hope he dressed the wound.

ON SHERLOCK -- as surprised by the observation as he is impressed. He looks to Gregson, who NODS --

GREGSON

CSU said the same thing.

Sherlock MULLS that a moment, then RETURNS to the opened front door and takes in the STAIRS and WALKWAY just beyond it.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

What is it?

SHERLOCK

Not sure. Maybe nothing.

As he steps back into the foyer, his eye catches on a WALL adorned with PHOTOS in SQUARE and OVULAR silver frames.

CONTINUED: (2)

And as we SEE that several of the pictures feature the Redheaded Woman, and we REALIZE she could only be the missing Lisa Dampier, Sherlock observes a small "arc" of discoloration on the wall above a SQUARE FRAME. He REMOVES it to find it (mostly) covers a "ghost mark" where an ovular frame once hung. He lifts the remaining SQUARE FRAMES from the wall to discover that they too cover ovular marks. And as he finally turns to Gregson:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Ms. Dampier's cell phone. Did you recover it?

Gregson looks to a DETECTIVE, who passes a PHONE in an EVIDENCE BAGGIE to Sherlock. Sherlock removes the phone and begins to flip through its PHOTO ALBUM. And after a moment:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

She either lost a tremendous amount of weight or underwent significant plastic surgery sometime in the last two years.

Joan, confused, indicates the pics he's still SCROLLING THROUGH:

JOAN

She looks exactly the same in all of these.

SHERLOCK

My point.

When she still doesn't get it, he indicates the array of frames:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Ovular frames have been here longer; you can tell by the way the paint on the wall has faded around them. Square frames are newer and are the only ones that feature Ms. Dampier. Coincidence? No. Check her cell phone. No photos of her older than two years -- even though there are countless pictures of others in her life from as many as five years ago.

(RETURNING the phone)

Obviously, she wanted the images around her to jibe with her new look, not her old one.

JOAN

How is that relevant?

SHERLOCK

How is it not?

CONTINUED: (3)

And ON JOAN as he continues OUT OF FRAME...

INT. GRAMERCY PARK HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's MOMENTS LATER and Joan is WATCHING as Holmes gets down on his hands and knees to sniff at the carpet, attracting more than a few stares. And as Gregson sidles up to her...

GREGSON

So. Wanna tell me how a "personal valet" knows from arterial blood?

Joan hesitates. Isn't sure how to answer without exposing her real relationship with Holmes. But after a beat --

GREGSON (CONT'D)

It's okay. Holmes and secrets have always been a package deal. I just care about results.

JOAN

You've worked with him before?

GREGSON

After 9/11, I was assigned to Scotland Yard to observe their counterterrorism bureau. Holmes mostly worked homicides, but our paths still crossed a few times.

JOAN

(beat)

Is he as good as he thinks he is?

GREGSON

My first week in London, C.T. unit catches a guy who's been setting car bombs off all over the city. We know he's got another bomb out there, but he won't tell us where.

(then)

Holmes is in the same room with the guy for maybe five minutes. Figures out where the bomb is off a couple stains on one of his shoes.

As Joan processes that, he nods in Sherlock's direction...

GREGSON (CONT'D)

Few days ago, he calls me from Heathrow Airport. Tells me he's relocating to New York and, I quote, "willing to provide his services to the NYPD."

(smiles at that; then)

I figure, why the hell not?

CONTINUED:

JOAN
 (beat; then)
 I'm sorry. Did you say he called
 you from *Heathrow*?

But suddenly, we HEAR --

SHERLOCK (O.C.)
 Captain, if you please.

And Gregson and Joan cross the floor to join Sherlock in --

INT. GRAMERCY PARK HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Holmes, standing beside a detective we'll come to know as
 OLSHANSKY, indicates a mess of BROKEN GLASS and SPILLED WATER on
 the floor. It's mostly SHARDS, but we can make out the thick,
 circular "base" of what used to be one drinking glass.

SHERLOCK
 (re: Olshansky)
 Your man here was just sharing his
 theory that the victim was pouring
 herself a glass of water when the
 intruder kicked the door in. She
 startled and dropped the glass to
 the floor; it was crushed under his
 feet and hers as they struggled.
 (beat)
 That theory is wrong.

OLSHANSKY
 (wasn't expecting this)
 Excuse me?

SHERLOCK
 (ignoring him; to Gregson)
 Ms. Dampier knew her attacker; she
 let him into the house herself.

OLSHANSKY
 Captain, who is this guy -- ?

SHERLOCK
 (speaking over him)
 There are two broken glasses
 here, not one. You can tell
 by the volume of shards.
 Obviously, she was pouring a
 glass of water for her guest
 when he assailed her.

OLSHANSKY
 Right. 'Cause that's what you do
 when some nutjob kicks your door
 in. You ask him if he's thirsty.

CONTINUED:

Sherlock just scans the floor with his eyes. Finally kneels down and searches beneath the stove until he recovers the thick, circular base of a second broken glass. And as he holds it up for Olshansky's perusal, he turns back to Gregson:

SHERLOCK

Look more closely at the boot print on the front door; you'll find an almost imperceptible spot of blood where the heel made contact. Lab tests, I'm quite certain, will confirm it's the victim's blood and could only have been left there after the assault had already taken place. Ms. Dampier let the man in because he was familiar to her; he kicked the door in as he exited to try to obscure this fact. Also: He took something from the living room.

He EXITS, and Gregson and Joan follow him into --

INT. GRAMERCY PARK HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Mantlo is mid-statement with a detective; Sherlock just SPEAKS OVER HIM to Gregson and Joan:

SHERLOCK

Note the symmetry of the space. This wall is very nearly a "reflection" of that one. Painting, painting. Knickknack, knickknack. I see balance everywhere... except this one shelf.

(suddenly; to Mantlo)
Something was here. What was it?

MANTLO

I'm sorry -- ?

JOAN

(to Sherlock)
Maybe now isn't the best --

SHERLOCK

(ignoring her; to Mantlo)
Please. Concentrate. Something used to occupy that shelf. I need you to tell me what it was.

Every eye in the room is now GLUED to Sherlock, every cop asking himself the same question: *Who the fuck is this guy?* Gregson seems on the verge of pulling him away when --

CONTINUED:

MANTLO

It was an old ring box. Lisa's grandmother gave it to her. Why?

Sherlock doesn't answer, but Mantlo's answer clearly concerns him. And as he turns to Gregson, confirming --

SHERLOCK

You said there were also signs of a struggle in the master bedroom.

Gregson NODS, and Sherlock TURNS and takes the stairs up to --

INT. GRAMERCY PARK HOME - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

-- and as Joan, Gregson, and Olshansky follow...

JOAN

What is it? Why's it so important that the kidnapper took a ring box?

SHERLOCK

Kidnappers don't take trophies. Killers do.

OLSHANSKY

There's no body, genius.

SHERLOCK

No blood on the front stoop or walk, either. Rather difficult not to leave any when you're abducting someone with an arterial wound, wouldn't you agree?

(then; to Gregson)

You're certain your men have been over every inch of this house.

GREGSON

Of course.

Sherlock spots what he's looking for, continues into --

INT. GRAMERCY PARK HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He studies it a moment, then CROSSES it a few times with his arms outstretched, as though testing his own balance. Joan, Gregson, and Olshansky LOOK ON, perplexed. Sherlock finally STOPS; his expression DARKENS. He's QUIET when he announces:

SHERLOCK

She's in the safe room.

JOAN

What safe room?

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK
The one behind that wall.

But when Gregson and Joan follow his gaze, all they SEE is a perfectly normal-looking wall.

OLSHANSKY
(*bullshit...*)
Husband didn't say anything about
any "safe room."

Sherlock pulls a MARBLE from a VASE resting on a bureau.

SHERLOCK
There's a slight angle to the floor
in here; I felt it as soon as I
stepped inside.
(then; explaining)
The extra weight of a safe room's
steel reinforcements can cause the
floor around the room to decline
slightly, creating a "slope" of
anywhere between one and five
degrees.

He sets the marble down on the hardwood floor and Joan and Gregson watch in AMAZEMENT as it very slowly ROLLS in the direction of the wall Sherlock indicated.

Sherlock feels around until he finds a "switch" on the wall behind Lisa's nightstand -- *the same nightstand we saw her scrambling to in the Teaser* -- and as he FLIPS it...

...A HIDDEN DOOR is REVEALED in the wall he just identified, OPENING INWARD. Unobstructed now, the marble RESUMES its course, continuing INTO THE SAFE ROOM, and we...

...FOLLOW it at a LOW ANGLE... and as it finally comes to rest against a WOMAN'S BLOOD-SPATTERED HAND, we...

...RESUME HOLMES, FRAMED in the doorway, FLANKED by Joan and Gregson...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I hate it when I'm right.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

We're looking THROUGH the TWO-WAY GLASS and INTO the neighboring INTERROGATION ROOM, where a REELING Nicholas Mantlo sits opposite Gregson and Olshansky at a table.

MANTLO

For the last time: I loved my wife.
I didn't hurt her. And until this morning, I had no idea there was any "safe room" in my house.

And as we RACK FOCUS to find the REFLECTIONS of Sherlock and Joan in the two-sided window, and we realize they're WATCHING from the observation room...

GREGSON

You get why that's difficult for us to believe, don't you?

MANTLO

The house was gutted before Lisa and I moved in two years ago. She oversaw all of the construction, I just signed the checks.

NEW ANGLE -- as Holmes, curiously, uses his phone to ZOOM IN on one of Mantlo's hands and then snap a picture of it.

OLSHANSKY

(to Mantlo)

I'm sorry. Are you saying she had it installed but never *told* you?

Mantlo hesitates. Knows how this is going to sound --

MANTLO

We had a few arguments about money back then. She said she wanted one, but we were so over budget that I put my foot down. Obviously, she didn't listen.

OLSHANSKY

That a *recurring* thing with Lisa, Dr. Mantlo? Her "not listening?"

An emotional Mantlo just STARES. Can't seem to believe he's actually in this situation. Holmes STUDIES him with laser-like focus from the observation room. And after a moment --

CONTINUED:

GREGSON

You were paged to Bellevue Hospital last night at 6:47 PM, but you didn't arrive until 7:20. Given you don't live more than 10 minutes from the hospital, I'm curious: What slowed you down?

Mantlo REELS at the insinuation...

MANTLO

I showered before I left... there was traffic...

OLSHANSKY

M.E. puts the time of death somewhere between seven and eight, and you don't have an alibi until 7:20. So let me tell you what I think. I think you and your wife had another "argument" last night. I think it happened in your kitchen. You attacked her, but she broke free, ran upstairs to the safe room. Thing is... you got inside before she could seal it.

(then)

You choked her to death. *Then* you went to Bellevue. And then, when you got back this morning, you called 911 and said she'd been kidnapped, so that the last place we'd look for her would be inside her own home.

(then)

Tell me when I'm getting warm.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- as Holmes catches Watson's REFLECTION in the observation window.

SHERLOCK

You don't look well, Watson. Perhaps you should go home.

(then; dryly)

I promise I won't do any drugs.

JOAN

I'm fine.

Holmes' eyes drift back to the interrogation... but Joan's eyes stay LOCKED on him. And after a MOMENT, she can't help but ask:

JOAN (CONT'D)

How do you do it?

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERLOCK

Do what?

JOAN

"Guess" things. About me, about the woman who was murdered...

SHERLOCK

I don't guess, I observe. And once I've observed, I deduce. Simple, really.

JOAN

Is it?

SHERLOCK

For me.

JOAN

(beat; then)

How did you know within *seconds* of meeting me that I wasn't a recovering addict?

Sherlock SIGHS. Doesn't really want to do this in the middle of Mantlo's interrogation, but as we've seen -- he's more than capable of following two conversations at once.

SHERLOCK

Your purse.

JOAN

My purse?

SHERLOCK

When you spilled it this morning, the absence of a sobriety chip was conspicuous. No self-respecting former addict would leave home without one.

JOAN

(beat)

You said you could tell from my hands that I used to be a surgeon.

SHERLOCK

"Hand," singular, actually. It was soft, no callouses. You've obviously gone to lengths over the years to maintain it. Your grip is steady, firm, precise -- yet protective of the hand itself. A surgeon's grip. Also, it smelled faintly of beeswax.

CONTINUED: (3)

Joan just LOOKS at him. "Beeswax?"

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Many surgeons use a beeswax cream to protect their hands from the dehydrating effects of repeated washings. You're no longer practicing, but old habits die hard. Far as why you gave up your medical career to become a counselor or a "companion" or whatever it was you called it this morning, I'd wager that addiction claimed someone close to you and his or her death moved you to make drastic changes in your life.

(then)

Am I close?

JOAN

What about my dad?

SHERLOCK

What about him?

JOAN

How did you know he had an affair?

SHERLOCK

Google. When my brother gave me your name, I did a search. Only article I found was on your father, a novelist who'd recently reconciled with his wife.

(off her LOOK; a shrug and a smile)

What? Not *everything* is deducible.

Just then, Gregson and Olshansky ENTER from the corridor. We sense Olshansky says the following under duress:

OLSHANSKY

I, uh... just wanted to say thanks for helping out this morning. You got us to our guy and we're grateful.

(then; offering his hand)

We can take it from here.

SHERLOCK

Respectfully, Detective, I doubt that very much. Because I have reason to believe Nicholas Mantlo didn't kill his wife.

And as he EXITS, moving right past Olshansky's proffered hand --

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Olshansky, Gregson, and Joan are right on his heels.

OLSHANSKY
Come again?

SHERLOCK
(stopping)
Dr. Mantlo has girl's feet, or
hadn't you noticed? He's a size 8
if he's an inch. The boot print on
his front door was an 11.

OLSHANSKY
So he's smart. Wore a bigger shoe
to throw us off.

SHERLOCK
And did he also wear bigger hands
when he strangled his wife?

GREGSON
(cut to the chase)
Holmes.

Sherlock holds up his cell phone to show them an ECU of Lisa
Dampier's BRUISED NECK.

SHERLOCK
These strangulation marks are
indicative of man much larger than
Mantlo. Not just heavier, but
taller. I'd estimate his height to
be somewhere between 6'1 and 6'3.
Your M.E. will come to the same
conclusion in a few hours; I'm
delivering it now.

When Olshansky laughs, Holmes "splits" the screen on his phone:
The image of the strangulation marks is now side-by-side with
the picture he took of Mantlo's hands just moments ago. And as
he holds the phone out to Joan --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
You're a doctor, tell them I'm
right.

JOAN
(embarrassed; to Gregson)
I'm not a doctor.

SHERLOCK
You were a doctor. Surely you
haven't forgotten how bruising
works.

CONTINUED:

All eyes are on Joan. And as she finally takes his phone...

JOAN
Okay. Yeah. Sure. These hands do seem a little small for this bruise pattern. But --

SHERLOCK
With your permission, Captain Gregson, I'd like a moment alone with Dr. Mantlo.

OLSHANSKY
Captain --

SHERLOCK
(OVER him; to Gregson)
We now know three things about our killer. One, he was tall. Two, he was familiar to the victim. Three, he was intelligent enough to attempt to conceal that familiarity by kicking the front door in after he killed her. Stands to reason that if he was familiar to Lisa Dampier, he may also have been familiar to her husband, wouldn't you agree?

Gregson sighs. And after a beat --

GREGSON
You've got two minutes.

Holmes turns and continues into --

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

And as he slaps a PEN and PAPER down in front of Mantlo --

SHERLOCK
Tall men in your life. I'd like a list.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

It's MOMENTS LATER and Holmes is typing on his phone as he and Watson emerge onto a sidewalk that BUSTLES with downtown foot traffic.

SHERLOCK
So. Of the six names Dr. Mantlo gave me, only two have ever been in any trouble with the police.

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The first is the contractor who oversaw the redesign of their house, Joseph Narducci. Has a string of unpaid parking tickets. The second is Carter Polk, an administrator at Bellevue Hospital. He was accused of stalking a neighbor two years ago. Charges were eventually dropped, but still.

JOAN

You got all that from your phone?

SHERLOCK

(absently; still fiddling with it)

Logged onto the NYPD mainframe as Captain Gregson. Only took me seven tries to deduce his password.

(then)

Admini-stalker seems like the best place to start, no?

JOAN

What do you mean?

SHERLOCK

I mean we should talk to him first. Then the other five.

JOAN

But... the police still think Mantlo is their guy.

SHERLOCK

The police "think" lots of things. It's adorable.

(then)

I'm confused. I thought you agreed with me about the hands.

JOAN

(exasperated)

It was a photograph! I *think* you're right, but to know for sure, I'd have to examine the bruise patterns on the body myself!

SHERLOCK

Fine. I'll arrange it. After we've spoken to the suspects.

So not what Joan meant. And after a beat:

JOAN

You hungry? I'm hungry.

CONTINUED: (2)

And as she PEELS OFF, heading for a nearby HOT DOG VENDOR...

SHERLOCK
You're joking, right?

JOAN
You've been out of rehab all of four hours now, and you've injected yourself into a murder investigation. I think a minute of breath-catching is in order, don't you?

And as she TURNS to get in line for a dog, and a frustrated Sherlock follows --

SHERLOCK
I'm sure you've gleaned quite a bit in your years as an addiction specialist, but it's important that you understand that absolutely none of it applies to me. I moved at a certain pace before my... *time away*, and I'll move at that same pace now that I'm back. You can demonstrate your comprehension of that fact by following me to your car.

He starts to move off, but Joan calls after him --

JOAN
Your friend, Captain Gregson. He doesn't know where you really spent the last six months, does he?

Sherlock FREEZES. Keeps his back to her as --

JOAN (CONT'D)
He told me you called him from Heathrow Airport the other day, when I know for a fact you were still in Hemdale.
(then; when he SAYS NOTHING)
Makes me think you're worried he wouldn't be as keen on inviting you to crime scenes if he knew about your... "time away."

SHERLOCK
You can't tell him about it. It would be a breach of our confidentiality.

CONTINUED: (3)

JOAN

I can tell your brother. And I can strongly recommend that *he* tell the Captain.

(then)

The choice is yours, Mr. Holmes. Do you want to risk losing the brownstone and your day job? Or do you want to eat a hot dog?

A beat, then Holmes TURNS to her. She knows that she's got him. She indicates to the hot dog vendor that she'd like two... and as she passes one to an unhappy Sherlock...

CUT TO:

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

We're observing CARTER POLK (tall, mid-30s, tightly wound) from a distance as he confers (MOS) with a nurse.

JOAN (O.C.)

You know he doesn't have to answer any of your questions, don't you?

ANOTHER ANGLE finds Joan and Sherlock watching him.

SHERLOCK

Why not? I'm a New York police detective.

He flashes a POLICE BADGE. And as Joan SEES the PHOTO ID of Detective Olshansky that accompanies it, and she realizes he must have stolen it --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Relax. He'll have it back by end of day.

Before Joan can object, Polk starts heading their way. And as Sherlock nods at him, adopting a flawless American accent --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Mr. Polk?

(then; flashing the badge)

Detective Olshansky, NYPD. I'd like to ask you a few questions.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - CARTER POLK'S OFFICE - DAY

It's MOMENTS LATER and Polk stands opposite Sherlock and an uncomfortable Joan.

CONTINUED:

CARTER POLK

I don't know what to say. Lisa was a good person. But if you're here because you think I had something to do with it --

SHERLOCK

Dr. Mantlo said you made a pass at her at a holiday party last year.

CARTER POLK

Actually, no, I didn't.

(then)

I asked her about all the plastic surgery she'd had.

ON JOAN -- LOOKING UP at that, recalling that Sherlock deduced that Lisa had either lost a tremendous amount of weight or undergone plastic surgery.

SHERLOCK

(for Joan's benefit)

"Plastic surgery?"

CARTER POLK

She'd undergone a rhinoplasty and a breast augmentation. I couldn't understand why an already beautiful woman would change her appearance so drastically, so I asked her about it. She thought it was some sort of come-on --

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry. Did you say *already* beautiful?

And as Polk moves to his desk, starts searching for a file --

CARTER POLK

I helped organize a fundraiser for the hospital two years ago, back before the surgeries. I know I still have the pictures...

Joan, meanwhile, notices GYM CLOTHES and a SNEAKER BOX resting on a chair. And as she SEES the shoe-size listed on the box is "11" -- the same size of the boot print left on Lisa Dampier's front door -- she COUGHS to try to get Holmes' attention, tilts her head in the direction of the shoe box. But as he gives her a LOOK that says, "*Yes, thank you, I know*" --

CARTER POLK (CONT'D)

There. That's a picture I took of Lisa and Dr. Mantlo that night.

CONTINUED: (2)

He turns his screen around to display an image of a tuxedo-clad Mantlo, his arm wrapped around a SLENDER WOMAN with short, dark hair... and as we're STRUCK by the realization that the slender woman is none other than a pre-surgery Lisa...

CARTER POLK (CONT'D)

Tell me you wouldn't want to ask why she did it.

SHERLOCK

(beat; then)

Tell me about the stalking charge brought against you two years ago.

CARTER POLK

I asked my neighbor out. Twice, she said no. The third time, she called the police. Total overreaction on her part. She apologized and dropped the charges.

Sherlock starts to ask another question, but Joan cuts him off:

JOAN

Mr. Polk, can you account for your whereabouts last night?

Sherlock, surprised, glances at her. Her expression is serious, but he can tell that -- on some level -- she's into this.

CARTER POLK

I was home. Sleeping. Alone. No, that's not much of an alibi, but I'm not worried. Know why?
Because I didn't do it.

And as he finally STORMS PAST Sherlock and Joan...

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON AN ELECTRICAL SOCKET as a two-pronged PLUG is inserted. WIDER to find Joan settling into her new room. And as she sets the time on her "primary" alarm clock, her cell RINGS. She checks the caller ID, then ANSWERS --

JOAN

I'm good, I'm fine, I'm alive. You don't have to worry, my parents don't have to worry.

And as she pulls her BACKUP ALARM out of a CARRY-ON...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NEW YORK DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ty Morstan sits at a desk in the BULLPEN, phone to his ear.

TY
You found your missing addict?

JOAN
I did. I'm at his house now. Just about to do my sweep.

TY
Your "sweep?"

And as Joan pulls a folded TRASH BAG from her belongings and EXITS to the hallway...

INT. BROWNSTONE - 3RD FLOOR BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOAN
Recovering addicts can be pretty resourceful. Gotta dispose of any household items they might use to get high in a pinch. Aerosol cans, old cologne bottles...

She stops short when she sees there's no mirror on the cabinet over the sink. Just an empty frame on a hinge. And after she considers the mostly empty shelves a moment --

JOAN (CONT'D)
Ty, is this weird?

TY
Is what weird?

JOAN
This. You and me. Still talking.

TY
(beat)
Six months of dating shouldn't undo ten years of friendship, should it?

Before Joan can respond, a VISCOUS GOLDEN LIQUID suddenly DRIPS onto her shoulder. And as she LOOKS UP to discover some sort of "syrup" is leaking from a damp spot on the ceiling...

TY (CONT'D)
Joan?

JOAN
Sorry. Gotta call you back.

And as she HANGS UP and EXITS, and we END INTERCUT...

EXT. BROWNSTONE - ROOFTOP / BROOKLYN SKYLINE - NIGHT

Joan EMERGES from a stairwell. STOPS SHORT at the sight of...

...Sherlock, sitting in a lawn chair and WATCHING (from only a semi-safe distance) as thousands of BEES swarm around man-made HIVES on PALLETS.

RESUME JOAN. Dumbstruck by the realization that Holmes keeps an apiary on his roof. *In Brooklyn.* And after a moment --

JOAN
Did you know honey is dripping
through the ceiling downstairs?

SHERLOCK
(absently)
Yes, that happens sometimes.

And when it becomes clear that's all he has to say about it --

JOAN
I take it beekeeping is a hobby?

SHERLOCK
I'm writing a book. "Practical
Handbook of Bee Culture with some
Observations upon the Segregation
of the Queen."

Then, as Joan observes his lack of writing implements, he taps his head --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Up here. Just started chapter 19.
Would you like to hear the last few
paragraphs?

Joan just pulls a chair. And after they watch the bees a moment...

JOAN
You talk to the police about scary
administrator guy yet?

SHERLOCK
I have not.

JOAN
But I thought...

SHERLOCK
Mr. Polk is a prat, no doubt. But
his body language said sub, not
dom. I don't see him having the
berries to take another life.

CONTINUED:

Another QUIET MOMENT passes, and then --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
You're not comfortable here.

JOAN
Bees sting.

SHERLOCK
I'm not talking about the roof, I'm talking about my home.

JOAN
(admits)
It's different. But I'll get used to it. Just like you'll get used to me --

SHERLOCK
(suddenly; out of nowhere)
Why do you suppose you hate your job so much?

JOAN
(huh?)
I don't hate my job.

SHERLOCK
You have two alarm clocks. No one with two alarm clocks loves their job. Two alarms means it's a chore for you to get up in the morning. You don't hate what I do, though. That much was obvious when we spoke with Mr. Polk.

JOAN
What're you talking about?

SHERLOCK
The look on your face. I'd imagine it was the same you wore to the O.R. when you were still a surgeon.

He's right, of course, but Joan just laughs it off.

JOAN
You're crazy.

Holmes doesn't think so. And after he studies her a moment --

SHERLOCK
I know my brother secured your services for the next six weeks, but the simple truth is: I don't need you. I'm finished with drugs.

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I won't be using them again.

(STANDING from his chair)

My advice? Go on a six-week vacation. I promise I won't tell big brother.

He disappears into the stairwell. And ON JOAN...

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

It's the NEXT MORNING and we're CLOSE ON A SLUMBERING JOAN as her eyes PEEL OPEN. Still half-asleep, she turns to her alarm to check the time -- only to discover it's been unplugged.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- as she sits bolt upright in bed. Looks across the room to her backup alarm, but it, too, has been unplugged. She GRABS for her cell phone. And as she SEES she has one new TEXT MESSAGE from "S. Holmes," we...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATON - FILE ROOM - DAY

Sherlock sits at a COMPUTER, surrounded by opened FILE BOXES, when he HEARS --

JOAN (O.C.)

I'm going to need you to spit in this.

And as he TURNS to find an unhappy Joan standing in the doorway, a disposable drug test known as a SALIVA CUP in her hand...

SHERLOCK

(checks his watch)

10:37. I take back everything I said last night. You obviously love your job. Couldn't wait to get started this morning...

JOAN

(setting the cup down)

Your saliva. Right now. If you're on anything, that little strip will turn blue.

SHERLOCK

(eyes on the computer)

Spitting is undignified. If you really want to test me, you'll take me to a lab so I can give a proper blood sample.

CONTINUED:

JOAN

Do you *want* me to tell your brother
to talk to Captain Gregson?

A beat, and then an unhappy Sherlock takes the cup from her.
Keeps his eyes ON Joan as he spits in it. And as he returns it:

SHERLOCK

I have a new theory about our
killer. I think he's struck at
least once before.

(then)

I -- who *love* what I do -- woke up
early and couldn't stop thinking
about the ring box he stole from
Lisa Dampier's living room.

JOAN

(remembers)

You said it was some sort of
"trophy."

SHERLOCK

And you know what flavor of killer
takes trophies, don't you? Serial.
Souvenirs help them differentiate
between victims. It occurred to me
that if Lisa wasn't *our* killer's
first go, there might be other
cases in common.

Then, as he takes a CRIME SCENE PHOTO from a FILE, and Joan SEES
it's an ECU of a woman's badly bruised neck --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Teresa Renfro. Savagely beaten and
strangled by an intruder in her
Bronx home two years ago. He took
a jewelry box on his way out, but
left behind a size 11 footprint.
Especially striking are the
physical similarities between her
and Lisa. Both were curvaceous
with long red hair --

JOAN

(getting it)

You think the killer has a "type."

SHERLOCK

(nods)

The one significant *difference* in
the cases? Teresa Renfro survived
her attack.

CUT TO:

INT. TERESA RENFRO'S HOME - DAY

TERESA RENFRO -- mid 20s, buxom and red-haired -- studies a PHOTOGRAPH of a smiling Lisa Dampier. And after a moment...

TERESA RENFRO
I'm sorry. I can see why you might think it was the same guy... I just don't think I can help you.

NEW ANGLE reveals she's sitting opposite Sherlock and Joan in her modest LIVING ROOM.

SHERLOCK
I know from the police report that the man who assaulted you wore a mask. You never saw his face. But that doesn't mean you can't help us identify him.

Teresa seems confused by that, but before she can speak --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Did he say anything to you?

TERESA RENFRO
No. I came in through my front door and he was just... there.

SHERLOCK
Did he have a particular scent? Cigarettes, cologne, halitosis...

Teresa, uncomfortable, begins to toy with the small CRUCIFIX that dangles from her neck.

TERESA RENFRO
I don't think so...

SHERLOCK
Was he tall? Short? Somewhere in between?

TERESA RENFRO
I don't know. I mean... he was on top of me so quickly. His hands were around my throat...

Sherlock WATCHES as she continues to fiddle with her pendant. It means something to him, but he files it away for the moment.

SHERLOCK
What about the mask?

TERESA RENFRO
What about it?

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK

Was it ski? Mexican wrestling?
Paper-plate?

TERESA RENFRO

Ski --

SHERLOCK

Excellent. Then surely, you got a
good look at his eyes.

(then; off her confusion)

Correct me if I'm wrong, but a
strangler literally cannot be more
than an arm's length from his
strangl-ee, can he?

(then; holding his own
arms OUTRIGHT)

That's not more than, what? Two
feet? Two and a half? I'm twice
that distance from you now and I
can see *your* eyes are a lovely
brown.

TERESA RENFRO

(beat)

I think I'd like you to leave now.

SHERLOCK

Why? Because I know you're lying?

And as Joan's head WHIPS AROUND at that --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(sharply)

She is. You can tell by the
crucifix. She fiddles with it
every time I ask her a question.

JOAN

What??

SHERLOCK

It's a pacifying behavior.
Elementary haptic communication.

(then; frustrated by her
STARE)

Read a book, would you? She did
see her attacker's face! I think
she may even know who he is!

TERESA RENFRO

(tears in her eyes)

Get out.

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERLOCK

(ANGRY now; to Teresa)

You do understand that because you protected him two years ago, you have the blood of an innocent woman on your hands, don't you? Perhaps you'd like to go for two? Or three? Or *four*?

JOAN

(standing)

That's enough.

SHERLOCK

But --

JOAN

No. No buts. You're done here. Go wait in the car.

A beat. A chastened Holmes stares daggers at Teresa, then EXITS, SLAMMING the door shut as he goes. And after a moment...

JOAN (CONT'D)

Ms. Renfro, I don't think I can apologize enough for Mr. Holmes' behavior. He's a very... *complicated* man.

TERESA RENFRO

He's an asshole.

Joan can't argue. Yet neither can she completely disregard Holmes' suspicions. And after a moment --

JOAN

And you know what the worst part is? He's usually right about stuff like this.

(then; off Teresa's LOOK)

Please. If there's even a chance you can help us stop the man who hurt you from hurting anyone else... tell us now. Before it's too late.

And ON Teresa, frightened but considering...

EXT. TERESA RENFRO'S HOME / BRONX NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Holmes is leaning against Joan's car she EMERGES from Teresa's house. He starts to say something, but she cuts him off:

JOAN

The name of the man who attacked her is Peter Saldua.

CONTINUED:

JOAN (CONT'D)

(then; when she SEES she
has his attention)

He was her brother's best friend
growing up. His dad was abusive,
so her parents took him in during
his senior year of high school. He
was like a sibling to her.

(lets that sink in; then)

She wasn't lying when she said he
wore a mask the night he attacked
her. She didn't know he was the
one who hurt her until he came to
her a few days later and confessed.

(then)

He was devastated. Ashamed. He
begged her forgiveness and swore
he'd get help. She decided to take
him at his word. And she never
told anyone their secret.

(beat)

Doesn't prove he's also the man who
killed Lisa Dampier, of course...
but if we want to talk to him,
Teresa heard from her brother that
he's working as a delivery man for
a florist in Chelsea.

A lengthy beat as Sherlock absorbs that... and then he SMILES.

SHERLOCK

I knew it.

JOAN

(huh?)

Knew what?

SHERLOCK

I knew she'd open up to you after I
left.

(then; "Don't you see?")

She has issues with men, or
couldn't you tell? Understandable,
of course, given what she went
through. I knew that if I made a
row in there you'd come to her
defense. And I knew that if you
came to her defense, she might very
well tell you the truth.

He claps his hands, delighted with himself. Pulls out his phone
and dials a number. And after Joan STUDIES him a moment --

JOAN

You're full of it.

(then; off his LOOK)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOAN (CONT'D)

You're embarrassed because I figured out something you couldn't, so now you're making it sound like you "planned" the whole thing.

Sherlock just smiles at that -- "Absurd" -- as he HEARS a familiar voice on the other end of the line:

GREGSON (V.O.)

This is Gregson.

SHERLOCK

Captain, it's Sherlock Holmes. I'm calling because I believe I've uncovered the name of a strong suspect in the murder of Lisa Dampier --

GREGSON (V.O.)

(cutting him off)

Name wouldn't be Peter Saldua by any chance, would it?

SHERLOCK

(beat; the wind GONE from his sails)

How did you know?

GREGSON (V.O.)

Because. I'm at his house. I'm looking at him right now.

SHERLOCK

Are you saying he's in police custody?

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. MODEST HOME - QUEENS, NY - CONTINUOUS

Gregson, phone to ear, stands at the center of a HIVE of police activity. A very dead PETER SALDUA lies in a pool of blood on the floor, a PISTOL clutched in one hand. And as we note he's just inches from a "shrine" that includes SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Lisa Dampier and the small RING BOX he took from her home...

GREGSON

Technically? Yeah. He's all ours.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MODEST HOME - QUEENS, NY - DAY

ON the corpse of Peter Saldua as it's zipped into a BODY BAG:

GREGSON (O.C.)

Mailman saw the body through the window and called 911. Said he thought someone on his route had killed himself.

ANOTHER ANGLE finds Gregson, Olshansky, Joan, and Sherlock looking on as the body is WHEELED AWAY.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

He was right. Gun was still in Saldua's hand when we got here. M.E. thinks he's been dead about 24 hours, but that's pending an autopsy.

(re: the "shrine")

Everything else pretty much speaks for itself.

OLSHANSKY

Turns out Mantlo and his wife used the florist Saldua worked for. They ordered fresh flowers to the house once a week. Saldua was the guy who delivered them.

JOAN

(realizing; to Sherlock)

That would explain why Lisa let him inside the house the other night. He was a familiar face.

ON SHERLOCK -- and it's hard not to notice that, for the first time since we've met him, he seems TROUBLED. CONFUSED, even. He scans the area a moment, his eyes catching on an OVERTURNED WASHING MACHINE in an adjacent room. It looks as though someone STOMPED on it with booted feet during some sort of tantrum.

SHERLOCK

What happened over there?

OLSHANSKY

Mixed his colors with his whites. Who knows. Guy was a nutbar.

Sherlock moves to a nearby DESK. Notes a CELL PHONE CHARGER plugged into a wall.

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK
Did you already take his phone...?

GREGSON
(shakes his head)
Hasn't turned up yet. But it will.

And as a CSU TECH approaches him and Olshansky, pulling them into an (MOS) conversation, Sherlock LINGERS at the desk, his eyes drawn to a PILL VIAL on a shelf. He PICKS IT UP; notes that while it bears a label that reads "XANAX," it doesn't include any pharmacy or doctor information. And as Joan approaches, thinks she has a read on his mood...

JOAN
(quietly)
You wanted to be the one who found him, didn't you?

SHERLOCK
(still distracted)
I don't do what I do for the credit.

Joan's actually a little surprised by that.

JOAN
Then why do you do it?

It's too big a question for Sherlock in this moment. And as he returns the vial to the shelf and EXITS without another word...

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

We're CLOSE ON A TELEVISION as an emotional Nicholas Mantlo addresses the media from the front steps of the police station:

MANTLO
(via the TV)
...like to thank the police again for finding the man who killed my wife. I would have liked to have seen him stand trial for what he did, but I take some comfort in the fact he can't hurt anyone else...

ANOTHER ANGLE finds Joan at her desk, using her laptop to PRINT OUT what appear to be TWO TICKETS to a concert or show. And as she takes the tickets from her printer and EXITS...

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She's on her way down the stairs when she suddenly STOPS SHORT.

CONTINUED:

REVERSE ANGLE -- reveals the living room has been transformed into a virtual "cocoon" of information that pertains to the Lisa Dampier case. One wall is PAPERED with photographs of the slender, dark-haired, pre-surgery Lisa Dampier; another wall with pictures of the curvier, redheaded, post-surgery Lisa. Crime scene photographs litter the floor, as do various REPORTS and DOCUMENTS. Sherlock, looking even more troubled than he did at the Saldua home, stands at the center of it all, his arms crossed. And when he SEES Joan on the stairs, he holds up a BLOWN-UP PHOTOGRAPH of pre-surgery Lisa and points to a small, Marilyn Monroe-like mole on her cheek --

SHERLOCK

She had her mole removed when she changed her look.

(then; frustrated)

It doesn't make any sense. She loved that mole. Before her surgery, she turned her head to feature it whenever her picture was taken.

He turns his attention back to the photo. And as a concerned Joan approaches from the stairs...

JOAN

Where did you get all these pictures?

SHERLOCK

These? Reached out to Lisa's friends via her Facebook page, said I wanted them for a memorial website I was putting together.

Joan is horrified, but Sherlock, eyes on the pic, is oblivious:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Carter Polk was right. She was as beautiful *before* the surgery as she was after. So why bother? What was the *point*?

(then; grabbing a mess of DOCUMENTS off the floor)

Another thing: Saldua's phone records indicate he used his cell constantly. But then, three days ago, he just *stopped*. Didn't make a single call, didn't send a single text. Why?

But before she can even fathom a guess, he grabs more PAPERS --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

His bank records, meanwhile, list several checks made out to "Dr.

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Rolland Jessup," psychologist.
Given the promise Saldua made to
Teresa Renfro to get help, he seems
worth a talking-to, no?

(before she can answer)

No. 'Cause the plonk dropped dead
of a coronary in 2010. Gregson's
trying to get me access to his
files, but God knows if they'll be
any help...

He turns back to the wall. And after Joan WATCHES him a moment,
concerned...

JOAN

Sherlock, the Lisa Dampier case is
over. You helped solve it.

SHERLOCK

No. Too simple. Too fast.
Something's off, I can feel it.
(then; finally noticing
the PRINTOUT she brought
from her room)
What's that?

Joan just stands there a beat, a bit lost, and then --

JOAN

I got us tickets to Jersey Boys
tonight.
(then; off his confusion)
To celebrate. When your brother
hired me, he mentioned something
about you liking the theater...

SHERLOCK

I went to *one play* when I was *nine*!
Now I'm a theater buff?!?

And as he STANDS and MOVES PAST HER --

INT. BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

While Sherlock searches cupboards for something to eat, Joan
enters from the living room. Speaks plainly but gently:

JOAN

I'm worried about you. I see you
making this case more complicated
than it really is, and it tells me
you're struggling --

SHERLOCK

(tossing another cupboard)
I don't "struggle." With anything.

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Or haven't you been paying attention the last few days? I've been right about everything.

JOAN
Actually, you haven't.

Sherlock turns to her. "*Excuse me?*" And if Joan could take it back, she probably would, because she doesn't typically tell people what she's about to tell him. It's just too painful.

JOAN (CONT'D)
The day we met, you "deduced" that I gave up being a surgeon to become a companion because I'd lost someone close to me. The truth --

SHERLOCK
-- is that you made a mistake during a surgery that cost a patient his life. I knew it as soon as I saw your parents' picture on your phone.

ON JOAN -- and it couldn't be more obvious that he's right. She's as hurt as she is surprised; she wanted to share this with him, not have it "taken" by way of deduction. Sherlock, however, is oblivious; can't stop himself:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
It takes years of study to become a surgeon, not to mention a tremendous ego. Surgeons don't just "leave" to become addict-sitters; they're forced out. And they're only forced out if they commit the sin of malpractice. I knew it would be a sore subject, so I made up the bit about you losing a friend to spare your feelings.

JOAN
(beat; quietly pissed)
That was very big of you.

SHERLOCK
(turning back to the cupboard)
I thought so.

Another beat as Joan watches him, and then she forces a smile:

JOAN
How do you know the patient died?
How do you know I didn't just leave him paralyzed or in a coma?

CONTINUED: (2)

A beat, then he turns to her again. Starts slowly, but picks up speed as he goes; a deductive boulder rolling down a hill:

SHERLOCK

The parking ticket. The one you had in your purse. You incurred it two weeks ago near the corner of 86th and Washington. Only thing there is Carver Cemetery. Obviously, you were visiting a grave. Not a parent's grave, of course; Google indicated they're both alive and well. A sibling's? No. Carver is a pauper's field, and the picture you keep of mom and dad in your phone say they're well to do. No sibling of *yours* would be interred in a place like that. The grounds don't even include a proper parking area, hence the ticket. So. A surgeon who's no longer a surgeon, a parking violation incurred just outside a poor man's cemetery, and two parents who are as moneyed as they are alive. Add it all up, and what does it say? You were visiting the grave of the man you let die on your operating table.

A long and quiet moment as this just HANGS THERE... and then Joan, angry but trying to cover, forces another smile:

JOAN

It's so incredible. The way you can "solve" people just by looking at them. I notice you don't have many *mirrors* around here.

SHERLOCK

What's that supposed to mean?

JOAN

It means, Mr. Holmes, that I think you know a lost cause when you see one. I do too. You're not cut out for companionship. Sober or otherwise. Tomorrow, I'll pack my things. But tonight...
(holds up tickets)
...I've got plans.

She turns and EXITS. And ON Sherlock, knowing he went too far, but too full of himself to admit it...

TIMECUT TO:

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT

A packed house. It's approximately one hour later and the curtain is RISING as Joan settles into her seat. Distracted by the EMPTY SEAT beside her -- the seat that would've been Sherlock's -- she rests her bag in it.

CUT TO:

INT. PLUG UGLIES DRINKING ESTABLISHMENT - NIGHT

Where New York's Finest come to let off steam. FIND an uneasy Sherlock in the CROWD at the bar. We wonder if he's falling off the wagon, but then a MANILA FILE lands in front of him --

GREGSON (O.C.)

There you go. Everything your dead shrink had on my dead strangler.

And as Sherlock TURNS to find Gregson taking a seat beside him:

GREGSON (CONT'D)

You can thank me with a shot of Crown.

SHERLOCK

(re: the file)
Dusty.

GREGSON

The guy *has* been dead for almost two years, okay? His widow had all his stuff in storage. You're lucky she even let me take a look --

But Holmes, who has already started to SPEED-READ, cuts him off:

SHERLOCK

According to this, Saldua never told him about the attack on Teresa Renfro, just that he had an obsession with red-haired women and a tendency towards violence.

GREGSON

I'm serious about that Crown, you know...

Something in Jessup's notes catches Sherlock's eye:

SHERLOCK

"Mr. Saldua, now obsessed with his own recovery, has taken to recording our sessions with his phone so he can listen to them again and again."

CONTINUED:

FLASH TO: Peter Saldua, mid-session with DR. ROLLAND JESSUP (50s, white-haired) in Jessup's MODEST OFFICE. FIND Saldua's PHONE on the table between them, RECORDING the conversation.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 (beat; to Gregson)
 Has the phone turned up yet?

GREGSON
 (shakes his head)
 Starting to think he lost it.
 (re: his own phone)
 See this? My third in the last two years.

When Sherlock just MULLS that, Gregson sighs --

GREGSON (CONT'D)
 Holmes --

SHERLOCK
 (distractedly)
 The case is over. Yes. Well aware.

Gregson finally STANDS, rests his jacket on his stool --

GREGSON
 Watch this, OK? Gotta take a leak.

He EXITS FRAME and we HOLD ON SHERLOCK. Another beat as he thinks, and then his attention is drawn to...

...THE TELEVISION mounted over the bar. It's tuned to a WWE-style wrestling show; two steroid-addled muscle men, separated only by a small, tuxedo-clad announcer, barking threats at each other in the middle of a ring. Wrestler #1 turns to address the camera directly, and Wrestler #2 slips away to take a folding metal chair from a ringside crony. He sneaks up behind #1, then SMASHES the chair into #1's skull. #1 crumples to the ground, but #2 just keeps pummeling him with the chair, his face contorted with RAGE.

ON HOLMES -- suddenly transfixed.

FLASH TO: The overturned washing machine in SALDUA'S HOME.

RESUME SHERLOCK: As it hits him --

SHERLOCK
 Rage. He felt rage.

And as he suddenly EXITS, abandoning Gregson's jacket...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT

The theater is dark; the production is up and running. Joan is sitting in her seat when she HEARS a commotion at the back of the theater, followed by --

SHERLOCK (O.C.)
 (a loud whisper)
Watson!

Joan DUCKS DOWN, but not quickly enough. Holmes has spotted her. And as he makes his way to the empty seat beside her:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Peter Saldua felt rage the night he killed Lisa. It was obvious from the condition of her body.

JOAN
 (eyes on the stage)
 You're not here right now. I don't see you, I don't hear you...

SHERLOCK
 (a threat)
 Shall I speak up?
 (then; as she TURNS)
 He had some measure of control with Teresa Renfro, but not with her.
 Why?

JOAN
 He knew Teresa. She was like family to him.

SHERLOCK
 True, but the pill vial I found at his home tells us he was medicated this time around. He was treating himself. He wanted to get better, but instead he got worse.
 (then; cutting her off)
 Tell me exactly what a Xanax tab looks like.

JOAN
 Small. White. Ovular. Why?

Sherlock doesn't answer; just whips out his cell and dials.

SHERLOCK
 (into phone)
 Detective Olshansky, please.

Then, when he's SHUSHED by a woman in a neighboring row --

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Shush yourself.
 (re: a performer on stage)
 He's not even on-key.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

...as Olshansky brings his phone to his ear.

OLSHANSKY
 Make it quick, Prince Charles, I
 was just on my way out.

SHERLOCK
 The pill vial that was on Saldua's
 desk. Was it taken into evidence?

OLSHANSKY
 Yeah, everything from his place is
 here in the bullpen. Why?

SHERLOCK
 I need you find that vial for me.

Olshansky moves to an assortment of BAGGED EVIDENCE laid out on
 a particular desk. Finds the vial in question and OPENS IT:

OLSHANSKY
 Now what?

SHERLOCK
 Open it. The pills inside should be
 white and ovular, but they're not,
 are they? They're round and pink.

OLSHANSKY
 How'd you know?

But Sherlock, his mind RACING, just HANGS UP, ENDING INTERCUT.

SHERLOCK
 (to Joan; urgently)
 I need a ride. Right now.

JOAN
 I'm in the middle of something.

SHERLOCK
 You were right the other day.
 About Teresa Renfro. I had no idea
 she'd respond to you the way that
 she did. I only told you I did
 because I was embarrassed I'd lost
 my temper.

CONTINUED:

But before Joan can thank him for admitting it --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Would I have gotten to the truth some other way? Of course. But you got me there faster. Now please: How fast can you get me to Bellevue Hospital?

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dr. Nicholas Mantlo climbs out of a six-figure SPORTS CAR, moonlight beating down on the EAST RIVER and FDR DRIVE beyond him. And as Sherlock suddenly approaches, trailed by Joan:

SHERLOCK

You were Peter Saldua's last therapist, weren't you? You started treating him, what... eighteen months ago? Probably just a few weeks before you talked your wife into all that plastic surgery.

MANTLO

Excuse me?

SHERLOCK

Saldua wanted to fix himself. Dr. Jessup was his first attempt, you were his second. Quite a bit of luck, that. You, a man with a wife he wanted dead, stumbling across him, a man with an obsessive personality and a history of violence? Only problem, of course, was that Lisa didn't fit his victim profile. You accounted for that by pressuring her into altering her appearance until she did.

FLASH TO: Pre-surgery Lisa, sitting with Mantlo in their DINING ROOM. And as he addresses her (MOS), showing her PICTURES he's clipped from magazines of women with curves and red hair...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

My guess is you made her think it was all for her; that she'd look more beautiful than ever...

MANTLO

(seemingly confused)
You're Mr. Holmes, right? We met the other day --

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK

The pill vial in Saldua's home. It came from you. A sample from the hospital, no doubt; virtually impossible to trace back. He thought he was taking a tranquilizer, but he wasn't, was he? He was taking a steroid.

FLASH TO: Mantlo, sitting at a table in his HOME, emptying a VIAL of Xanax pills and replacing them with the same round, pink pills Gregson handled in the BULLPEN of the POLICE STATION.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You were whipping him into a killing frenzy. A frenzy that only made him *more* confused, *more* violent --

FLASH TO: Saldua, in a fit of RAGE, TEARING his own washing machine out of his wall and then STOMPING on it with one foot.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

-- more likely to give into his terrible compulsions.

MANTLO

I never even *heard* the name "Peter Saldua" until the police told me he was the man who'd killed Lisa --

SHERLOCK

Bollocks. I have no doubt you've eliminated whatever "paper trail" there was to connect you, but that doesn't mean you didn't know each other. Out of curiosity, how many sessions was it before you realized you could use him to take a life?

Mantlo just TURNS and walks away. And as Holmes follows --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Once you did, I imagine you took to meeting in odd places at odd times so you'd never be seen together...

FLASH TO: A tortured-looking Saldua, sitting with Mantlo on this BENCH in CENTRAL PARK and pouring his heart out.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

If he ever questioned it, you told him it was part of his therapy. When the time was right, you took advantage of his job as a delivery man to place him in Lisa's orbit.

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You arranged for flowers to be sent to the house once a week because you needed him to see her; you needed him to become *obsessed* with her.

FLASH TO: A front door OPENING to REVEAL a Post-Surgery Lisa Dampier. And as a REVERSE ANGLE finds Saldua on her doorstep, a FLORAL ARRANGEMENT clutched in his hands...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You loaded him like a weapon, and then you pointed him squarely at your wife.

ON MANTLO -- as he suddenly STOPS at this. Turns back to Sherlock. And while he SAYS NOTHING... it's hard not to get the sense that 1.) Sherlock's theory is correct, and 2.) that Mantlo, on some bizarre level, actually appreciates that Sherlock appreciates the intricacy of his crime. And ON JOAN, who can SEE for the first time the GUILT in Mantlo's eyes...

MANTLO

So... according to you... I tricked a stalker into hunting my wife. I'm sorry, but that just doesn't make any sense to me. Stalkers stalk. Eventually, he would've seen us together and realized I was up to something.

SHERLOCK

You could've used GPS in his cell phone to keep track of him. All you would've needed was access to his phone to download the necessary application -- access you *had* during your sessions.

FLASH TO: Central Park again. Mantlo's "session" with Saldua is just ending. He tries to make a call, but indicates to Saldua (MOS) that he doesn't have reception. Saldua is only too happy to pass the doctor his own phone. And as a grateful Mantlo takes it and begins to manipulate its display...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

That way, when he found himself in a "stalking mood," you could make yourself scarce around the house. He'd see Lisa, but not you, and your secret would be safe.

(then)

Of course, that's not why you took his phone after you murdered him and made it look like a suicide.

CONTINUED: (3)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You took it because he'd been recording your sessions as well. I imagine you were fine with it in the beginning; "whatever helps the poor nutter." But then, once it occurred to you how you might "use" Saldua, you realized the phone was the only evidence of a link between you. Problem? Of course not.

FLASH TO: Saldua, hitting the floor of his HOME with a THUD, a bloody hole in the side of his head. And as Nicholas Mantlo KNEELS DOWN, pressing a PISTOL into the dead man's hand...

SHERLOCK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Killing him was always a part of the plan; you would just nick the phone after you'd done the deed.

Mantlo just gives a small smile. And as he finally leans in close to Holmes, speaking quietly so that passersby can't hear:

MANTLO

Hypothetically, Mr. Holmes, a man wants out of his marriage to his very wealthy wife. He knows that, over the course of their relationship, he's signed a prenuptial agreement that says he gets nothing if he leaves her... and a living trust that says he gets everything if she dies.

(beat)

Hypothetically... wouldn't that man be smarter to look for a way to trigger the clauses in the second document as opposed to the first? As to the lengths such a man -- hypothetically, a very intelligent and careful man -- would go to keep his hands clean, well... how better to commit a murder than manipulate someone else into doing it *for* you?

A beat, and then he pulls away from Holmes. Nods a quick "good evening" to Joan before he resumes his course for the hospital.

JOAN

What did he say?

SHERLOCK

He said that he did it.

JOAN

We need to tell the police --

CONTINUED: (4)

SHERLOCK

There's no point. It's hearsay.
We don't have any proof and he
knows it.

He's SEETHING. To say he's unaccustomed to being bested by his
adversaries would be putting it mildly.

JOAN

So... what do we do now?

SHERLOCK

(beat; then)

I need your car keys.

Joan is only too happy to hand them over. She watches as he
TAKES them, STALKS back to her car, gets behind the wheel... and
then FLOORS IT, tearing ACROSS the parking lot and INTO the side
of Dr. Mantlo's expensive sports car. And ON Joan, GOBSMACKED --

INT. JOAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sherlock white-knuckles the steering wheel, his face mere INCHES
from a freshly deployed AIRBAG. And after a MOMENT --

SHERLOCK

Yes. Better.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

FROM ABOVE: Sherlock reclines on a cot, his eyes CLOSED. We HEAR the loud BUZZ of a security door being OPENED, followed by the CLICKING of a woman's heels on the concrete floor. And after a moment, Sherlock smiles --

SHERLOCK

Ms. Watson, have I told you how much I enjoy your perfume?

And as he finally OPENS HIS EYES, TURNS to find Watson in the CORRIDOR beyond his cell, a VISITOR BADGE affixed to her coat:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Almost makes me forget how much urine has stained this floor.

Beat. Joan opens her mouth to speak, but Sherlock cuts her off:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Not just for the car, but for the way I spoke to you earlier. I knew the death of your patient would be a sore subject, I just --

JOAN

Couldn't help yourself. Yeah. Starting to see how that's kind of a thing with you.

SHERLOCK

(beat)

I assume you've told my brother about what happened tonight?

Joan nods; Sherlock SIGHS.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I'm going to miss that brownstone.

JOAN

Actually... you're not.

(then; when he LOOKS UP)

I had a long talk with him, and since what you did in that parking lot didn't have anything to do with drugs... he's agreed to give you one more chance.

ON SHERLOCK -- surprised by that. Suddenly REALIZING --

CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK

You've decided to stay on as my companion, haven't you? He never would have agreed if you hadn't.

Her silence confirms it. And as Holmes smiles, grateful --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I'm pleased, Watson. Quite pleased. Not for myself, of course, but for you. I happen to think there's some hope for you as an investigator --

JOAN

I want you to let me in on the rest of the plan.

Sherlock just looks at her -- "*Plan?*"

JOAN (CONT'D)

The plan to get Mantlo. I know you wouldn't have smashed my car into his unless it was part of some elaborate --

(OFF his sheepish smile;
realizing)

-- temper tantrum. *Crap.*

Another beat, then --

JOAN (CONT'D)

In that case... I want you to tell me about London.

SHERLOCK

Big place, lots of rain...

JOAN

I want you to tell me about what *happened* to you in London.

SHERLOCK

Why is it so important to you?

JOAN

Because. If I'm going to help you, I need to know everything --

SHERLOCK

Actually, you don't "need" to know anything more than I'm a recovering addict. You want to know about London because you think it'll "connect" us in a more meaningful way.

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But in case you hadn't noticed: I don't *have* meaningful connections.

ON JOAN -- and something about that makes her smile.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Why are you smiling?

JOAN

Because now I know it was a woman.

ON SHERLOCK -- and if Joan is right, the only hint she gets is an almost imperceptible hesitation before he asks:

SHERLOCK

What makes you say that?

JOAN

You're trying too hard. Just like you were the other day with the tattooed lady, all that "sex is repellent" crap. You can connect to people; it just frightens you.

Sherlock is inscrutable. Will neither confirm nor deny. Then:

SHERLOCK

See you at the hearing, Ms. Watson.

Joan nods, MOVES OFF. And ON Sherlock...

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - FOYER / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joan ENTERS through the front door, locks it behind her. A beat, and then she finds herself drawn to the living room FILLED with evidence from the Lisa Dampier case. Notices that a few small rivulets of HONEY have made their way down the far wall. And as she TOUCHES one, rubs the syrupy substance between her fingers...

JOAN

(echoing Sherlock)

"Happens sometimes."

She TURNS, knocking over a stack of Sherlock's papers with her foot. She kneels down to collect them, then FREEZES. Something on one of the papers has caught her eye. When she finally STANDS, she moves to one of the walls PAPERED with CRIME SCENE PHOTOS and pulls down a picture that features PETER SALDUA'S KITCHEN. And as her eyes dart back and forth between the document and the photograph, as though trying to make sense of some discrepancy only she can see...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY COURTROOM - DAY

It's the NEXT MORNING and Sherlock is sitting near the defense table, waiting for his hearing to begin when he HEARS --

JOAN (O.C.)
I want to show you something.

And as he turns to find Joan clutching a MANILA FOLDER...

SHERLOCK
Can it wait until after my hearing?
I sense a strong sexual attraction
from the judge, and I'm attempting
to determine whether I should
represent myself.

Joan looks to the JUDGE, a bespectacled woman in her late 60s who doesn't even seem to register Holmes' presence.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
(then; can't help himself)
Is it important?

JOAN
Honestly? I'm not sure. But after
spending the last few days with
you, seeing how big the "small
stuff" can be...

She shrugs. Opens the folder and pulls out the DOCUMENT that caught her eye last night. And as she sets it on the table...

JOAN (CONT'D)
This is Peter Saldua's medical
file. Look under the "known
allergies" heading.

And no sooner has Holmes done so than Joan places the crime scene photo of Saldua's kitchen on top of it --

JOAN (CONT'D)
This was taken the morning Peter
Saldua's body was found.

ON SHERLOCK -- and it couldn't be more obvious that he SEES the same "discrepancy" that Joan noted last night.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Weird, right?

SHERLOCK
(beat; transfixed)
No, actually. Not even a little.

CONTINUED:

And as he smiles, obviously excited, we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - GREGSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Nicholas Mantlo sits in a chair opposite Gregson's vacant desk. And as Gregson ENTERS from the corridor and Mantlo STANDS --

GREGSON

Dr. Mantlo. Sorry for the wait. I appreciate you giving me an opportunity to apologize face to face for what happened last night.

MANTLO

Not at all. I can't promise it'll change my mind about suing the department for what your "consultant" did to my car... but it's a start.

Gregson indicates Mantlo should sit. And as Gregson settles in behind his desk --

CAPTAIN GREGSON

Before I issue any "official" apology, Dr. Mantlo... there is just one thing I wanted to ask you.

(beat; then)

Did you ever treat Peter Saldua as a patient?

ON MANTLO. He wasn't expecting that, but as we've seen, he's cool under fire. And as he gives a small smile...

MANTLO

You have a funny way of saying you're sorry, Captain.

CAPTAIN GREGSON

It's a simple question, Dr. Mantlo.

MANTLO

No. I did not treat Peter Saldua. I never even met the man. Now. If that's all, I'm late for an appointment with my attorney --

But Gregson just calls out in the direction of the hallway:

GREGSON

Detective?

And as Detective Olshansky ENTERS, trailed by Sherlock and Joan, Mantlo smiles again, indicates Holmes to Gregson --

CONTINUED:

MANTLO

You know you're just digging yourself deeper, right? Putting this man in the same room with me --

But Sherlock just passes a now familiar DOCUMENT to Mantlo --

SHERLOCK

This, Dr. Mantlo, is a medical form completed by Mr. Saldua for *another* of his doctors.

MANTLO

For the last time, Mr. Holmes. I wasn't Peter Saldua's --

SHERLOCK

(talking OVER him)
My associate, Ms. Watson, was perusing it last night when she noticed that Saldua had a rather strong allergy to rice.

MANTLO

This is ridiculous --

He starts for the door, but to his surprise, Olshansky BLOCKS HIS PATH. And as he realizes he's stuck here --

SHERLOCK

As I was saying. Ms. Watson noted Mr. Saldua's allergy to rice. So you can imagine her confusion when she remembered seeing a sack of the stuff sitting on his pantry shelf.

Sherlock holds up the same CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPH of Saldua's kitchen we've seen previously -- only this time, we'll note that a BAG OF RICE has been CIRCLED with red marker. Mantlo just looks at him: *So fucking what?*

JOAN

We also found a credit card receipt that told us he bought it exactly three days before his death.

SHERLOCK

(to Mantlo)

Odd, that, right? Him going to the store and buying nothing but the one thing he's allergic to? Odder still, it was the *same day* he stopped using his cell phone. His records indicate he didn't make or receive a single call. At first I thought that was by choice... but then I remembered the overturned washing machine.

FLASH TO: Holmes, taking in the machine at the CRIME SCENE.

CONTINUED: (2)

MANTLO

Okay, Mr. Holmes. Amaze me. What do a bag of rice and an overturned washing machine have to do with anything?

SHERLOCK

I was wrong the other day when I accused you of taking Saldua's phone after you murdered him. You wanted to take it, but you couldn't, could you? Because you couldn't find it.

ON MANTLO -- a CRACK finally forming in his cool veneer. And as we realize that Holmes' deduction re: the phone is correct --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

He laundered it, you see. Left it in his pocket when he put his pants in the wash. By the time he realized his mistake, it was too late. The phone he'd turned into a virtual *library* of his therapy sessions was wet and no longer functional.

FLASH TO: Peter Saldua, standing in his LAUNDRY ROOM and clutching a CELL PHONE that is DRIPPING WET. TREMBLING with RAGE, his eyes drift to the opened MAW of his washing machine...

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Furious with himself - and suffering the effects of what he couldn't possibly have known was steroid intoxication - he destroyed the washer in a fit of rage.

And as Saldua suddenly GRABS the machine with both hands and THROWS it on its side --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And then he went to the nearest grocer and purchased a bag of rice.

Then, when Mantlo just STARES at him --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Rice, as you're apparently not aware, is a natural desiccant and can be used to absorb the excess moisture from electronic devices that've been immersed in water. We went to Saldua's home this morning to examine his bag of rice.

CONTINUED: (3)

FLASH TO: Sherlock, leading Joan and Olshansky into Saldua's kitchen and making a beeline for the sack of rice. And as he OPENS it, POURING its contents all over the counter...

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You'll never guess what we found inside.

RESUME SHERLOCK as he holds up PETER SALDUA'S CELL PHONE. And as he hits "play" on the phone's voice recorder, we HEAR --

PETER SALDUA (V.O.)
...her name is Lisa. When I see her, I get these feelings and I...

He TRAILS OFF, emotional. Couldn't sound more a tortured soul.

PETER SALDUA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Please, Dr. Mantlo. You need to help me. You need to tell me how to stop myself from hurting her.

He starts to SOB. And after a MOMENT, we HEAR...

MANTLO (V.O.)
It's okay, Peter. It's okay. I'm here for you. Let's try upping your meds, see where that leads us.

Sherlock hits "stop." Gregson looks to Mantlo:

GREGSON
 Wanna tell us one more time how you never met Peter Saldua?

And ON Mantlo, knowing he's sealed his own fate, we PRELAP the CRACK of a BAT hitting a BASEBALL, followed by the ROAR of a crowd, and we...

CUT TO:

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - NIGHT

A ball sails UP and OVER the right-field wall, missing the glove of a leaping RED SOX OUTFIELDER by centimeters. And as the massive Yankee scoreboard LIGHTS UP -- "**HOME RUN!**" -- and a YANKEE PLAYER rounds the bases...

...ANOTHER ANGLE finds Joan and Sherlock in UPPER LEVEL SEATS along the third base line. She's standing and CHEERING for all she's worth; he's sitting and couldn't look more miserable.

SHERLOCK
 Another tiny leather orb has left the field of play. How spectacular. May we please go home now?

CONTINUED:

JOAN

(*are you insane?*)

We're in extra innings. The Yanks just pulled within one and there's nobody out.

(then; off his LOOK)

Don't give me that look. This was *your* idea, remember? You said you wanted to make up for pulling me out of Jersey Boys last night, and so far, so good.

SHERLOCK

I agreed to *nine* innings of baseball, not twelve --

JOAN

This is like... *bonus* baseball. The last three innings? Totally free. Okay?

SHERLOCK

It's remarkable. I didn't miss drugs until just... *now*.

But Joan isn't about to let him rain on her parade. CLAPS for the new hitter coming to the plate:

JOAN

Just 'cause you don't understand something doesn't mean it isn't awesome, okay?

ON SHERLOCK -- turning at this. Feeling challenged.

SHERLOCK

Actually, Ms. Watson, I'm *quite* familiar with the American Pastime. The other addicts at Hemdale often gathered in the common room to watch the matches when they were on telly.

JOAN

(eyes on the field)
They're called games, okay?
Not matches. Games.

SHERLOCK

Truth be told, I found the science of the sport rather fascinating. *All of the statistical analysis, all of the strategy.* But of course... with great strategy comes great predictability. So if you'll allow me to save us *both* a little time...

CONTINUED: (2)

He studies the scoreboard a moment, then the defensive alignment of the Red Sox. Seems to do a little "math" in his head. Checks it, then --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Pop-up to center, intentional walk,
game-ending double play. Final
score: Red Sox of Boston, 3,
Yankees of New York, 2.

Joan STUDIES him a moment, then smiles:

JOAN
Yeah. Right. Nice try --

But she's interrupted by the CRACK of another bat. And as she turns back to the field to SEE Boston's center-fielder catching what was clearly a pop-fly...

SHERLOCK
I'll meet you at the car.

He gets up from his seat and EXITS, but Joan doesn't budge. Wonders for a moment if he really could have predicted the pop-up, then decides, no, he couldn't have. But then --

-- the Red Sox catcher STANDS and moves a few feet from the plate to receive an intentional BALL from his pitcher. And as he tosses it BACK to the pitcher, who, once again, throws intentionally HIGH and AWAY from the plate...

...RESUME JOAN, her expression suddenly FLAT. She should be *glad* the batter's about to be awarded a base... but she isn't. Because she now knows, thanks to Sherlock, that the Yankees are destined to lose.

CUT TO:

INT. YANKEE STADIUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sherlock makes his way into one of the stadium's ELEVATORS. The door is CLOSING when a hand suddenly CATCHES IT. It's Joan, who SAYS NOTHING as she makes her way inside and stands shoulder-to-shoulder with him.

We HEAR the crack of a bat, followed by the rapid "thwap-thwap" of the Sox infield relaying the ball from second to first. The crowd GROANS at what could only have been a game-ending double-play. And as the elevator door CLOSES on Joan and a smiling Sherlock...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT